The TOWER

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THE TOWER

Alabama College

MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA

Staff

UPPERCLASS SECTION

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LENA CLARE SHACKELFORD

FRESHMAN SECTION

NELL GLENN MOORER, *Editor-in-Chief*

BETTY BISHOP MARY HAFLING

HARRIETTE STRIPLING

NELL HINES

UPPERCLASS SECTION

Three Shades of Green

A Spanish senorita in a crinoline
And a fringed shawl embroidered in yellow green
Shakes a clinking tambourine.

In the golden palace of an Asiatic queen
A squat little jade god, apple green,
Sits before a lacquered screen.

And the dark sea roars its way between
Mexico and China and their yellow-apple green
Blending the two with its own aquamarine—
See the world through a mist of green!

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

Reflections

THE roses in the silver bowl that you love shatter slowly and their falling petals are mirrored in the polished cherry wood of the table.

Oh, why will you not come, so that my face may be mirrored in your eyes?

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

Frog-Bells

THE frogs have bells in their throats this morning,
Merry little tin bells, cracked and out of tune;
Underneath the edges of the wet, bent grasses
The frogs are all in hiding, but I shall see them soon.

I shall creep upon them through the sunshine morning,
Down by the border of the rain-full rill.
Hush! I am nearing; are they quick of hearing?
The frogs are all in hiding, and their tiny bells are still.

—LENA CLARE SHACKELFORD.

Rain

PERSISTENT drops
Whispering on the roof,
Tapping with small sharp nails
That click on diamond panes,
Dancing on the lawn
With pointed-slippered feet.

Drops that tinkle in my brain,
That drive me to madness—
Why must you go on and on
With your monotonous murmuring?
I am afraid of the strange mystic sleep
That you produce,
Afraid of the dreams that come from yielding
To your power.

The rain is singing a low lullaby—
And there is nothing else in all the world
But sleep—sleep.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

Request

GIVE me a long evening,
And a dying fire.
Let me rest serenely,
With no desire.

Give me oblivion,
Peace where heartache reigns.
Give me some of wisdom
For past joy's present pain.

Give me no remembrance,
Yet, let me not forget
To have enough endurance
Until my sun has set.

—NELL KENNEDY.

Cinquain

THE stars
That come at dusk
Are like a miser's coins
Within the clutching fingertips
Of night.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

Nocturne

COME to me when the moon is like a wide open magnolia blossom set in its own dark foliage.

Come to me with arms that long to hold me and eyes that want my cool lips on their lids.

Come to me as a lover comes to one beloved, as tangled sea weed comes to rest on the white sand of the shore.

Our love is not a thing meant for the harshness of daylight—there it would wither as a moon-flower thrust into the sun, so come to me at night when the earth is an Eden for lovers, and all of life for me is the sound of your voice in the darkness.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

Sehoyia's Lullaby

HUSH, little wild bird; the sky maids are dancing
There in their charmed circle bright.
Down from the moon the old squaw is smiling,
And her wigwam is ringed 'round with light.

Sleep, for the campfires are falling to ashes—
Falling to ashes, and red embers glow.
Sleep, though the owl and the shrill frog are calling.
The wind is asleep and breathes low.

Quietly, quietly, dear little birdling,
Rest now and dream of the flowers;
Dream of the little green moss in the forest,
Of pretty buds touched by the showers.

Sleep here against me; in moonlight and shadow
The clear creek is singing your lullaby too—
It touches the dripping green tips of the willows
And bends down the water-flags blue.

Hush, little wild bird, the black bass is leaping—
Splashing wide rings in the moon-silvered stream.
Sleep, for the wind and the village are sleeping,
Let the night and my singing creep into your dream.

—LENA CLARE SHACKELFORD.

Life

Who am I to define this mys-
tery?
I shall live, and love, and see.

—RUBY LEE MOORE.

Ecstacy

A star was so low I could almost touch it.
The little sliver of a moon hung over to the right of me.
There was magic in the air,
And my heart was singing—singing!
But my soul had risen up higher than the highest star,
For you were there.

—RUBY LEE MOORE.

Blown Glass

You are like an Italian blown
glass statue
I once saw,
And looked upon without un-
derstanding.
Poised there, hands uplifted,
Still,
Lighted as with a single ray
of sun.
Your surface is polished and
hard.
You, too, are poised and with
outstretched hands,
But you are lighted with your
sweetness.
You are a contrast.
I do not understand.

Like the statue, you are fra-
gile,
Easy to scratch, deface,
But such a lovely thing as every
artist
Longs to create.
And I believe the Artist made
you
Just as He intended,
But careless hands have mar-
red you.
Oh, I want to understand.

—GRACE LANE.

Tears

TEARS
Are always shed
For broken, lovely things.
But broken faith is far too deep
For tears.

—MARGARET McCRARY.

Cairo, Bagdad and Spain

I dreamed of Cairo, Bagdad,
and Spain,
Of desert sands under a gold-
en moon,
Of palm trees bending under
a tropic rain,
And of the peace of a blue la-
goon.

I dreamed of the gay toreadors
of Spain,
And of dark ladies with lan-
guid eyes.
I found pleasure and a strange
pain
Under torrid stars of tropic
skies.

Now I view from my kitchen
door
Red holly-hocks in a spring
rain,
Pale sunlight on a linoleum
floor—
Alas, for my dreams of Cairo,
Bagdad, and Spain!

—MARGARET McCRARY.

Summer Night

SUMMER night!
A dark mysterious woman,
Fascinating, silent, aloof—
With diamonds in her hair
And a luminous pearl
At her throat.
Italian perhaps!
Who knows?

—GRACE LANE.

THE JOY DAY

By LENA CLARE SHACKELFORD

BABY and I thought we were helping to dig potatoes and had, therefore, the boundless satisfaction of doing useful work, though the potato gatherer had already passed us on the way to the end of the field, the end from which the house was not visible. We sat in a harvested furrow and dug holes in the side of it with zest and determination. There were no potatoes there, but that circumstance was not enough to keep us from grubbing for them.

Our blue rompers were hopeless. We had rolled in the newly turned soil until Baby had sand in her curls, and our faces were smudged. We were two dirty little girls playing in the sleepy sunshine of November 11, 1918.

"W'en all de taters digged, w'en halve dat big 'un," said Baby, mining industriously in the side of the furrow.

" 'N won't have to eat biscuit," I stated patriotically. Baby stared at me. "Can't we have no bi'ket?"

I shook my head. "Uh-uh, not much. Got to save 'em so 'our boys can whip the Germans'." Heaven knows what either of us thought Germans were.

"Dis is my frog-house, 'n dis iss my froggie."

"Mine's a house wi' chilluns in it."

But Baby could not be still. She got up and looked around for something else to do.

"Gran'pa's comin'," she announced. "Won't he like our frog house!"

I stood up. Grandpa was coming into the field. We wanted him to see us, because he always called us boys when we wore rompers. Across the plowed ground he stood—a big, square man like a field marshal. Why didn't he still have his rheumatism? Grandpa had a queer, marching, dancing, irresponsible step. He saw us and moved his black hat. What could be the matter with him? Somebody had told me that drunk people can not walk straight. How awful for Grandpa to be drunk like the bad people! Drunk people are dangerous.

Baby and I were too shocked to do anything.

"Boys, boys, the war's over!" Grandpa's shout was like a revival shout and a 'coon-hunter's yell. Grandpa was doing

happy and idiotic things with his respectable feet. "The war's over, boys! The war's over!"

"Baby, le's run."

We did. Holding hands, we fled in terror toward the house, our tangled curls bobbing over agitated rompers.

And then the jubilee began. Reassured by mamma's glad cry, we stopped on the back step to listen. Bells, mill siren, fire whistles, drums, bugles, everything that would make a noise in all the country was making its appointed noise. The direction of Autaugaville was a concerted whoop of every kind of racket. From Prattville and even as far as Montgomery the great whistles screamed. Then all the other sound dimmed at the dull boom of the big cannon at Montgomery. It was all such a glorious victory song that it frightened us with its immensity.

Baby squeezed my hand. I looked at her and saw that she was scared with the horrible kind of scare that makes little children see things in the dark.

"Th' war's over, Baby," I told her joyously and hugged her hand. "It's over, an' won't anybody get shot some more, an' Mr. Rush an' th' other soldier boys'll come home, an' we'n have biscuits, and Daddy won't have to go off and leave us, an'—". But, not being able to remember when there was not a war, poor Baby squeezed me in bewilderment. She could not understand.

Disillusion

I shall go over the hills and
far away
And into the lands sublime,
To bring back trophies for my
wanderlust
And beautiful thoughts for a
gay little rime.

I have been over the hills and
far away
And into the lands sublime,
But all I found was ashes and
dust
And broken hopes of those who
rime.

—MARY FRANCES JONES.

Color Fancies

I loved you in your pale blue dress,
Formed of thread as delicate as spider laces.
I admired you in your grasping gown of velvet,
Red as blood from brier-scratched fingers.
I half feared you in your flowering robe of purple,
Patterned only for your arrogance.

My admiration brought you great delight;
Within my fear you found a savage joy;
Yet you scorned my love,
For on the night that I was gone
You wore the dress of spider lace and blue,
They say.

—JANE STALLWORTH.

Cinquain

DARK aisles
Of oak trees hung
With Spanish moss are like
The dim grey Gothic arches of
Rouen.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

Youth and the Violin

THERE were youth and a violin;
Around them flashed and whirled the gypsy crowd,
While the violin sang to its master softly
Or gaily cried out sweet and loud.

The dance swam with the flow of floating scarves,
Weird with the motion of white, weaving arms,
Rang with the jingle of the castanets
Clinking in the dancers curving palms.

There were youth and a violin,
And there the songs you knew so well to play;
You were the youth, yours the enchanted music,
And your dark eyes looked into mine that day.

—LENA CLARE SHACKELFORD.

Rain After Drouth

THE brassy caldron of the sky turns dark
With smoky clouds shot through with lurid light.
The rows of fainting corn all panting run
With famished tongues lolled out in breathless flight.

The laughing trees a-tremble with delight
Ecstatic clap their little hands in air.
They bow their heads to worship god of storms,
And impish rain runs fingers through their hair.

The waters wash the ceiling of the sky.
The earth-born shelter seek. The thirsty ground
Like powder many weary waiting days,
Greedy drinks the rain with gurgling sound.

—IRENE SUTHERLIN.

To—

GREATER lovers than I
Have writ impassioned lines
To truer loves than I
Perhaps address in mine.

They writ of love as living,
No doubt, beyond the dead
And promised a fulfilling
Of sacred vows they said.

But if my love lasts not as long
As early summer dew,
Their flames ne'er burned so bright
Nor gave as deep a hue!

And tho' my vows are spoken
To last the day's length only,
There's just one heart that's broken
And only I am lonely.

—NELL KENNEDY.

Waiting

ONCE I waited an eternity
For your return.
Waited as still as any maid
Carved on marble urn;
Listened with my brain awhirl,
And with breath abated;
Anticipated as lost souls
Must look for Death, belated;
Hoped as no soul ever hoped
For Heaven, in hereafter;
And then—
The night was broken
By my mirthless laughter.

—NELL KENNEDY.

Loneliness

LONELINESS
Is a gulf
Into which come sailing
Nameless, silent,
Fears.

—GRACE LANE.

FREEDOM

By LENA CLARE SHACKELFORD

BEGINNING where she had left off yesterday, half way down a row near the road, Ola hoed cotton. She was a tall, brown, big-boned woman, strong as a man. The heat of the fresh spring sun made her brown dress cling to her heavy shoulders and waist as she rhythmically swung the big hoe. Always thinking, Ola traveled her one level field on the broad hillside —hillside that had no outlook but other hills squatting around a tiny valley. Near the lower edge of the field a crazy little cabin was an islet in the sea of young cotton.

Ola could see the house, but what might be happening inside its one room? Were the peas for dinner boiling? Had Lulu, tiring of her chair, tried to walk and hurt herself? Was Maw peacefully sewing her quilt or was she perhaps in one of her mad spells? Every day Ola had to think of the same things, to work for a meager living, to keep her thoughts in the shanty and her body in the fields.

Her scarcely lifted feet and her scrunching hoe made a little dust. Between the cotton and the green cap of woods the yellow road, fringed with wild plum, lay open until it dipped around the broad rump of the hill. From the damp greenness of the valley came the four violin notes of a wood thrush.

At midmorning Ola left her hoe in the field and strode across the rows to the house. Pushing wide the half-opened door, she stood on the threshold a few seconds to accustom herself to the shadow.

Her big daughter, in her chair by the window, rocked evenly, arms folded, large, silly eyes fixed on nothing. Her yellow plaits were still neat and her broad blank face clean—evidently Lulu had not moved. Lulu at twenty-four had a year old mind and could not be trusted to go about the house. But she could rock.

"Hey, there, Lou baby," chirruped Ola.

The idiot did not turn her senseless gaze, and rocked, rocked, rocked.

Where was Maw?

"Maw," called Ola, "Maw! Where are ye?" Her mother

was sometimes more a care than was Lulu. In her crazy spells she would laugh and mumble and not speak intelligibly for days. Sometimes she fell and was limp. Once Ola had had to tie her to the bed to keep her from hurting Lulu.

Maw was not in the room. Ola went to the back door and looked out. The shrivelled old mad-woman was sitting on the step, looking at a fuzzy little dead chicken in her lap. "You did it yourself," snapped Ola, bending and jerking her to her feet, causing her to drop the chicken. "Can't you behave once in a while?"

Maw giggled, then looked aggrieved and mumbled something. Suddenly she sagged in Ola's grasp.

"My Lord," thought Ola, "she's been taken limp!" and she lifted the mad woman to the wide bed. "Well, I can't stay an' watch 'er. She won't get wuss off an she can't do no harm like she is."

Maw lay quietly. The idiot rocked. With a long, battered spoon, Ola stirred the pot over the embers in the fireplace. And the idiot kept on rocking.

Ola sighed and left the house.

Back in the field, she swung the hoe and tried to convince herself that she was not tired. Nothing but work and Maw and Lulu, the same yet tryingly different every day. Mad woman and idiot and the scrunching hoe! There was never any rest, never any companionship, never a thing to do to please herself.

"Not that I don't love 'em," she cried to herself, "but it ain't livin'!"

She looked down at the cabin. "No place for white folks to stay!" And she thought of the bed where the three of them slept, she between the other two. Sometimes in the night Maw would scream. The idiot sprawled in sleep.

Ola leaned on her hoe and swept her gaze around the field and the squat hill, the limit of her universe. The yellow road with its fringe of plum went out through the hill, but it was other people's road, never the road for a woman with an idiot and a crazy hag dragging to her.

Once Ola had tried to get them into an institution, but it had been full and Lulu had needed too much care to be taken without a special nurse.

"I love 'em an' feel sorry fer 'em, but how come 'em wished on me!"

Ola hoed vigorously. "Ain't there goin' t' be anything ever fer me? But somebody's got to keep care of 'em. What would happen ter 'em if it wasn't fer me?"

"They'd jes' nachrilly perish ter death. No, they wouldn't. Folks wouldn't let 'em. The good folks would look after 'em even if I wasn't no where around."

She dropped the hoe and looked around her startled. Had something said it to her or had she thought it herself? "Why not let the good folks do it awhile!" Freedom! Something choked her. She felt weak and light.

Leaving the hoe in the field, Ola ran across the green rows, broke through the plum bushes into the road, and still ran. Her feet raised a powdery dust. Around the curve of the hill, through the shade of the next valley, into the hot open just before the next rise, she ran until she lost all sensation but that of free motion. She had no destination, she was just going, as a rabbit leaps away from the forest fire. Sun and weariness forced her to a walk. So here was freedom! And she was her own!

And then she noticed that she was stepping in the head of her shadow. "Time to go home and fix dinner," she thought mechanically.

"O, God A'Mighty, what am I doin!" She stood trembling in the road, casting about as for a place to hide. Time to go home and fix dinner! Lulu would be crying for her. Maw might be worse. Who would know they were alone? They were her folks, her task. She wheeled, clinching her hands tightly, and fled back along the way she had come. Back to the shanty and the hillside fields, back to the rocking idiot and the mumbling hag.

Peace

AS we
Sat together
And silently watched tall dark
trees
Fade with gray skies into
blackness,
Peace came.
—MARY JANE STALLWORTH.

May, 1933

Why Aren't There More Moons?

THE moon in his crimson dress suit
Like a beau dressed for a ball,
Waltzed gaily, yet somewhat slowly
Out into the blue dance hall.

Millions of stars like young ladies
All dressed in silver gowns,
Shivered and trembled together
As they whispered and gazed o'er the grounds,

But how could the dance be successful
With only a single lad
To dance with the charming lasses?
'Twould be indeed too bad.

For some of the lasses would stand alone,
Looking down o'er earth's wee towers—
Mournful in their shining frocks,
A lovely row of wall flowers!

—MARY HOLBROOK.

Night Wind in the Cedars

THE dark
Is thick and close
Upon the cedar trees,
Changed into sobbing phantoms by
The wind.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

Winter

THE day
Is like a prism
Of ice that hangs and clinks
Against the frozen leafage of
The year.

—LENA CLARE SHACKELFORD.

Cinquain

THERE is
No loneliness
So great as knowing that
The place is vacant where your love
Has been.

—CLARA CRENSHAW.

The Moon

THE moon is a magician
Who weaves a magic veil
For lovers.
Then he flings it over hill and vale
And sprinkles it with stars
For heaven.

—RUBY LEE MOORE.

FRESHMAN SECTION

Sky-High Review of Tip-Top Fashions

By NAMIA PRICE, Paradisian Correspondent

ANYONE who looks into the shop windows along the Milky Way will be amazed at the heavenly styles found there! Never before has there been such an array of gorgeous fashions as is now seen at the exclusive Jack Frost Studio, not to mention the displays of the Constellation Chain of Shops.

Afternoon frocks to be worn by petite snowflakes spending the spring in Switzerland and the northern resorts are superb in frosty velvet, sheer as chiffon and soft as eiderdown. Their most striking feature is their distinctive individuality; each is made by a separate pattern, to suit the personality of the wearer.

Close rivals to them in beauty are the raindrop suits, admirably adapted to the short figure. They come in charming fresh drizzle-grey sheen, and are worn with Drench nude hosiery.

The chic little aprons of the sunbeams this season are just too stunning, made of nasturtium yellow and bright gold and modelled on straight lines. They catch the light and reflect the figure to best advantage. They are perfectly adorable for twins, triplets, or what have you.

Up-to-date cloudlets are clothed in *puff*, a new material which closely resembles cotton organdy, and comes in pastel hues. Demure little gowns fashioned from puff, cut in full folds, give a light, wistful look that makes one seem about to blow away.

Brunet cloudlets are still partial to darker shades, honey-browns and blacks, which are so becoming to their complexions. Swagger suits fashioned from dull, rough goods are, they find, exactly the things to knock about in on a rainy day.

Dashing young comets and comely little sub-comets will go on their delightful whirls clad in cream-colored frocks with close-fitting bodices and flaring skirts with insertions of rose

and green chiffon dipping in points. Extremely long sashes suspended from the shoulders in a manner slightly reminiscent of the days of the Greek God, Icicycles, complete the effect.

And oh, my dears, the evening dresses! They fairly take one's breath away, they are so lovely. And so utterly feminine, too. Decorative points are very much in vogue this year, and are being used by practically all of the stars, five to a frock being the minimum number. Made in dazzling white, trimmed with imported brilliants and rhinestones, and worn with diamond pendants, these dresses are just too delicious!

Modern hailstones made a decided impression on the world last year, but their new creations are more daring and sophisticated than ever. They are wearing smartly-cut metallic gowns made on princess lines and set off by simple crystal accessories.

One look at the styles of the Milky Way will convince you that they are simply divine! You will want several for your next trip or house-party. If you haven't time to attend personally to your shopping, send a money-order to the Man in the Moon and he will be glad to mail any frock to you.

—VIDA REEVES.

THE ETERNAL LURE

By VIDA REEVES

LAST year my next-door neighbor had a little garden plot, and worked with greatest labor on that ten-by-forty spot. His struggles with a shovel, rake, and trowel, hoe and digger resulted in a painful ache that quickly mounted bigger. Then weavils came to stay a while; bean beetles formed a camp; potato bugs for many a mile came on a summer tramp. The sparrows ruined his lettuce bed, the jay birds ate his corn; the chickens were tomato-fed; the spinach looked forlorn. His collards and his turnip greens were gone beyond repair; and when he saw the butterbeans, he gave up in despair. He got no pay for what he'd done, and mightily he swore: "I'll never have another one—never, nevermore." But gardens have a power and attraction all their own. When spring begins to flower all of autumn's vows have flown. So now each morn at break of day my neighbor can be found assorting seeds the same old way and plowing up the ground.

A BOOK REVIEW

By ELIZABETH MESSER

A BOOK OF MARIONETTES. By Helen Haiman Joseph. 248 pp. New York, The Viking Press, 1929.

The rehearsals were over and Helen Joseph was making the puppets ready for their next appearance. She overheard them talking among themselves—part of it she may have dreamed. All that she could recall she has put into this book.

Her purpose is to interest the public in marionettes, and to tell their story. She has made the marionettes as vital as real people. And, indeed, what race of people can boast of a more interesting, adventurous, and varied range of experiences than theirs?

The author gives a very interesting account of puppets in every land: the grotesque figures of oriental shadow-plays, the ingenuity of elaborate Italian fantoccini—the real forerunners of our modern puppets, the charm of frivolous French marionettes, the quaint perfection of Germany's "Puppers," the droll tragi-comedians of England. Last, but by no means least enjoyable, is the tale of American marionettes. Perhaps one of the most novel features of the book is a description of a performance by Indian articulated figures—the first example of American puppetry. In recent years, there are the delightful marionettes of Tony Sarg.

A BOOK OF MARIONETTES is written in a most entertaining manner. It records many droll incidents taken from various productions, and from actual performances. It is well illustrated by pictures from all over the world. "Awkward, silly dolls. . . . but symbols of supreme and simplified fervor. . .. dread, love and courage."

With Apologies to Mr. Shakespeare

IS this a poem which I write before me,
Words running through my mind? Come, let me grasp thee.
I have thee not, and yet I write thee still.

—IDA KATHRYN COKER.

You Old Wind, You

WIND, go howlin' lak you do
To them with time to listen to you.
I don't lak your funny talkin',
All your simperin' an' squawkin',
In a squeakin',
Puny Speakin'
Sighin', cryin', dyin', boo-hoo
Sorter airy,
Like a scary,
Prowlin', howlin', growlin' hoodoo.
You old wind, you, breath of Satan,
What's that in you keeps a-bleatin'
Straight along without abat'n?

Whyn't you get to where you're goin',
'Stead of blowin', blowin', blowin',
Steady like a man a-hoein'?
Feelin' blue or just pretendin'?

Wish ther'uz somethin' solid to you—
Then I'd kick a hole straight through you,
Huh! You'd wonder *then* what blew you
Such a mighty pow'ful sendin'!
You're rambunctious and bardacious.
If the world warnent so spacious,
You'd plumb bust yo'se'f to gracious.
He! he! he!
Then whar'd you be?

—VIDA REEVES.

Sunset

BRILLIANT gem of the fading sky,
Whipped by clouds of purple dye,
Sink, as breezes moist and sweet
Fan the waters at thy feet.

—IDA KATHRYN COKER.

CAMPUS LIFE

JANE LEAVES FOR THE WEEK-END

By HARRIETTE STRIPLING

THE four-thirty bell clanged. Madeline and I closed our books simultaneously.

"Well, that's an end to peace and quiet."

In a few seconds Jane came galloping down the hall, burst in the door, and flung her books on the table. Madeline and I knew what was ahead of us.

Madeline began, "For goodness' sake, sit down and calm yourself! You're all out of breath. I bet you ran every step of the way from Bloch and up those three flights of steps. You can't do anything that way."

"You might as well talk to her suitcase," I said.

"How in the world am I ever going to bathe, dress, and pack in two hours? I'll never do it. I haven't packed a stitch—not a stitch—and. . ."

Madeline glanced at the empty suitcase open on the bed. "That's quite evident, so let's get started. What can we do to help?"

For an hour we worked, Jane rushing from dresser and closet to the suitcase, Madeline and I trotting after her, not doing much except getting in the way, and trying to keep up with Jane's questions.

"Which coat would you wear? If it rains I'll want the brown one and if it's cold I'll want the black—are you sure you don't mind my wearing your black hat, Madeline? It's awfully sweet of you. Oh, I do hope it doesn't rain tomorrow. Where in the world—never mind, here they are. Oh goody, now I can wear my new dress." She held it up and looked at it, a soft blue one, before she carefully folded it and laid it in the suitcase.

Finally, everything was packed, enough it seemed for a month. She looked around to see that she had everything and rushed off for a hasty shower. The nearer the time drew the more excited she became. She put her dress on backward and overturned a box of powder. At last she was dressed.

"Are you sure you have everything?"

"Positive."

"You must have. I don't see how you could have left any-

thing out. Come and sit on the suitcase lid while I lock it."

This done, there were ten minutes left. Jane paced the floor, talking all the time. "I haven't got a word of history, English, French, or anything else. I hope the taxi's not late. Won't my new dress be the very thing for tomorrow night? Carol, do you think it will rain?"

Finally, Madeline said, "We had better go down now, don't you think?"

Jane grabbed her purse and dropped her gloves. "Oh, excuse me," she said to them politely.

Madeline and I knew she was not responsible and tried to restrain our merriment.

We managed to get her downstairs in one piece. The taxi arrived soon.

"It's a good thing," said Madeline aside to me. "She'd be a nervous wreck if she had to wait much longer, to say nothing of us."

We saw her off and went back up to the room.

"It looks sort of vacant after all the bustle, doesn't it? Let's get it straightened up a little bit."

We began to hang up and put away stray articles of clothing. Madeline picked up the school dress Jane had taken off.

I heard her exclaim, "Oh, what a shame! I knew something like that would happen."

I turned and dropped the box of hairpins I was putting away. From her hand dangled limply the belt of the new blue dress, the one that was the very thing for tomorrow night.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE TYPING ROOM

By LAURA NORTHCUTT

I DREW the last letter from the roller and leaned back. How amusing the typing room appeared now! Typewriter covers had been viciously poked behind radiators, thrown carelessly over chair backs, or trampled on the floor. Thoughtlessly, some one had left the dictionary open, half off the table, with some leaves bent. A general air of excitement and anxiety prevailed. Students who had put off their work until the last minute, as I had done, were typing furiously. Frequent groans came from the various parts of the room. A poor little freshman sat almost in tears. She had made a mistake at the end of her page!

FEBRUARY 15-17

By VIDA REEVES

WHY the gold and purple ribbons? Why the posters, Hay and Gibbons? What is coming? Why the humming in the halls? Why the atmosphere of tension? Is a national convention meeting here within the dormitory walls? Craig and Copeland, Griffin, Pruett—what is their relation to it? Surely there is something more than meets the eye! Why are colors flaunted gaily? And rehearsals given daily? Will the mystery be lessened by and by?

A WINDY NIGHT

By HARRIETTE STRIPLING

I OPENED my eyes after a series of vague, semi-conscious dreams—something about polar bears and refrigerators. A few dim rays from the street light came through the window, changing the familiar chairs and tables into strange lumps and blurs. The corners of the room faded into inky blackness.

An icy wind was coming straight through the window with a velocity which threatened to take my blankets with it. It whirled the pages of a magazine on the table continuously. It shook the window panes and rattled the blinds. One curtain had escaped from its tieback and stood out perpendicular to the window.

Outside the angry wind roared and shrieked madly around the corners. Horrors! Was the building being utterly destroyed? No, it was merely a flapping piece of tin on the covered walk, combined with the banging fire escape door.

I closed my eyes in an attempt to go back to sleep, but my numb, ice-cold feet refused to be ignored. I attempted to warm them by friction but succeeded only in uprooting the covers. I wondered if my roommate, who shivered when I was warm, was still alive.

Suddenly she jumped out of bed and I felt another blanket plump down over me. I grunted appreciatively.

"Move over; I'm freezing." The cold air she brought with her was congealing but I admired her courage and waked enough to murmur thanks. I managed sometime after to go to sleep, in spite of the rattling within and the howling without, and woke to find the sun streaming in the window and the breakfast bell long since rung.

A BOOK REVIEW

By MARY EVELYN HAFLING

FLOWERING WILDERNESS. By John Galsworthy. 320 pp. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932.

In this stirring love story, the setting of which is London in the spring and summer of 1930, we see Dinny Cherrell, a charming and beautiful girl of twenty-six and Wilfrid Desert, an elusive, passionate, bitter poet of thirty-four as heroine and hero. Dinny was the heroine of Galsworthy's earlier book, MAID IN WAITING. When this book opens she is still *in waiting.* Wilfred had spent two years wandering in the East, and while there, under threat of death, he had renounced his Christianity (in which he had believed little) and accepted Mohammedanism. We first see him soon after his return from the East when he and Dinny meet a second time, their first meeting having been ten years before when they were attendants in a wedding. They are immediately attracted to each other and soon Dinny's previously untouched emotions flower into the one true love of her life. When it becomes known that Wilfred has renounced Christianity, all the freedom of speech and press is used in fiery criticism of him. His fellow Englishmen (who believe no more in the religion than he) feel that Wilfrid has been a coward and has lowered the traditions and prestige of the English people. Through all the torture Dinny stands by her perverse, complex-natured lover until he, realizing the effect of the whole affair will have upon their lives, does the one thing that was the best solution to their problem.

In this love story the tremendous influence that social background and standards can have upon individuals is forcefully depicted. Through it we see the tendencies of modern English opinion. It both ridicules and shows affection for the aristocracy. The family life of the upper class and the economic condition of England in 1930 have their share of influence in the working out of the plot. There is excellent characterization and expression of the deepest and most swaying passion—a book well worth reading.

THE DEAN

By NELL GLENN MOORER

I SEE him only from a distance, but when he comes into my vision, my heart seems to stop for a moment, then to go on beating heavily and more slowly than before. I stare at him anxiously for a fleeting moment but quickly look away, only to be drawn back to his face. His eyes have a tired and worried, yet lovable and understanding, look in them. He brings his left hand slowly across the back of his neck around his left cheek and rests his face in his hand for a minute; he crosses his legs, then uncrosses them; nervously he tightens his lips and reveals a dimple in both his cheeks. I wonder what's worrying the Dean. I'd like to slip quietly up behind him, put my arm across his shoulder, and sit on the arm of his chair—he's so like my Dad.

PARODY

Let It Be Forgotten

LET it be forgotten as tangents are forgotten,
Forgotten as identities that well were known of old.
Let it be forgotten as speedily and joyfully,
As the contents of my school books, which have long since been sold.

—HILDA GOLSON.

Twilight

THE twilight lingers blue and dim,
And yonder, just above the rim
Of gently sloping hills, is spread
A last faint streak of gold and red.

—SALLYE MAHAN.

SPRING IS HERE

By IDA KATHRYN COKER

SPRING is here!

I know it because yesterday the roommate put on her white sandals. It was quite an ordeal. First she rummaged in the closet till she uncovered two very sick-looking white linen shoes. They were wrinkled at the toes and the soles were worn rather thin.

"Oh, dear," she muttered, "I don't believe I can wear these things any more. But a good polishing might make them presentable.

"Now, where did I put my white polish? I could almost declare I left it in this drawer. Say, you (she turned to me and I reluctantly took my nose out of the book I was reading), have you got any white polish?"

"White shoe polish? Why, yeah. Look in there on the shelf in the 'lav room'."

After scrubbing and polishing her shoes for some minutes, she seated herself on the opposite side of the table from me and began the rite of donning them.

"Gee! They feel so light. Don't they look funny though? Do you think these hose are too dark?"

"Huh? Oh-er, no, no. They look very nice."

"Yes, I'm quite sure they're too dark," completely ignoring me.

After putting on a different pair of hose my roommate admired her feet in the mirror.

"Gee whiz, but it's hot! Aren't you glad spring is here?. . . Say, I said, 'Aren't you glad spring is here'?"

"Spring?" I was lazily dozing over my open book. "Oh, spring; sure, I'm glad spring is here."

Triad

I HEAR
Three noisy girls;
They shout from First to
Fourth
At still midnight . . and wake
all those
Who sleep.

—HILDA GOLSON.

T 7.1-1